

A Modern Santa Claus

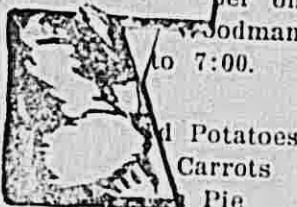
by Mary W. Moore



But he did not
An assortment
First were light
For the ceiling



Then he
A tall figure
Than a
Since w



A piano
Since I
Then quit
To place



as Club

And he put candles on the buffet,
Which enhanced its appearance by night and by day.
Then fixtures with brackets put on the wall,
To add spots of color, to brighten the hall.

Burlington Saturday.
Mrs. Emily Wise called at the Fred
sch home Sunday.

Miss Lottie Jones was a Waukegan
tor on Monday.
William Keulman was a Chicago
ness visitor on Tuesday.
Charles Ingalls and wife of Wauke-
were in attendance at the funeral
their cousin, Miss Sarah Ingalls,
urday.

Thomas Mooney of Chicago was an
Antioch visitor over Sunday.

Miss Edna Drom and Dwight Drom
motored to Manitowoc, Wis., recently
to visit relatives.

James H. McVey, who has been
ery sick in a hospital in Waukegan,
s reported to be on the gain.

Miss Myrtle Haynes of Chicago
came home on Saturday for two
weeks vacation at the home of her
parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Haynes.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Griffin are re-
joicing over the arrival of another
son, born on December 7, 1924.

Mrs. Andrew Harrison is assisting
at the Webb Racket Store during the
Christmas shopping rush.

James Caple was a Chicago pas-
senger Thursday.

Mrs. Sherman Ferris is assisting at
Williams Bros. store during the
Christmas rush.

Several Royal Arch Masons motored
to Kenosha Tuesday evening to
attend a meeting of the chapter of
Royal Arch Masons. They report a
very good time.

NOTICE

I have several articles suitable for
Christmas gifts or for the home. Call
between the 10th and 15th. Mrs. S.
Wells, Monaville. 15w1

NOTICE—Rag rug and carpet
weaving. Orders over four years, 25c
a yard. Under four years 30c a yard.
Work neatly and quickly done. Mrs.
E. Monnier, North Antioch. 15w1

to be sleeping quite sound,
Nicholas came with a bound,
with candy and toys,
for girls and for boys?



to remain,
to stay just the same,
side the new couch,
broken from his pouch.



Nicholas strode,
as he carried his load,
use by the desk,
and for, our dear Aunt Theress.



Then he went to the bedroom where Peggy did sleep,
I can swear that I saw him, for I told you I peeped.
He attached some new fixtures, some brackets were they,
To the wall on each side of the dresser to stay.
Then a small boudoir lamp did he place near the bed,
Which she always has longed for, so Peggy has said.



Then to other rooms quickly the old man flew,
The bathroom, the basement, the porches, too,
Then he gathered his pack, up the old chimney flew,
Quickly started his airplane, and was lost to my view.

(Copyright 1924 by Mary W. Moore)



Since the table the center of interest is,
He selected a fixture that was not amiss,
So with filament lighted, the bulbs are unseen,
By the people who dine with my mother, the queen.



At the head of the table, for comfort again,
He placed a new outlet, a double one then,
So that coffee could percolate, waffles could fry,
And bread might be toasting, with ham 'n eggs nigh.



In the kitchen, the domain of pot and of pan,
He placed baseboard outlets, the jolly old man,
And a dense milk-white fixture of enclosing glass,
Was the light for the ceiling, the best of its class.



Though the light was diffused evenly o'er the room,
To prevent any shadows, companions of gloom,
He placed lamps o'er the sink and over the stove,
Just so high from the floor to avoid danger above.



Then he gathered his pack and to hall and stair,
He advanced, pausing only a moment, once there,
To attach a new light where before none did burn.
On the landing, the place where the stairs make a turn.



Mary W. Moore

"A MODERN SANTA CLAUS"
Mary W. Moore, age 15, resident of 15th Street, Chicago Heights, Ill. 310 West

This girl is one of the more than 10,000
the territory served by this Company, ants from
wide Better Home Lighting Contest.

Having a creative turn of mind and the ability to be

individual, Mary Moore presented her essay in the
poetic story form printed above. She deftly brings
Santa Claus up-to-date and yet leaves him still possessed
of the mythical romance with which we love to
surround him

We feel that Miss Moore's effort is worthy of special
notice so we are giving you and others an opportunity
to read this poem and compliment her at the same time.

PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANY

OF NORTH ILLINOIS

Serving 6,000 square miles—20

es and towns—with Gas or Electricity

Waukegan and Chicago

25 cent Cl
50 cent Clu
1.00 Club
2.00 Club

our many
Season's
M. Christi

joined
not, ha



Locals

Miss Lottie Jones, who has been very sick is getting along nicely.

The Christmas party given at the Methodist church Tuesday evening for the children of the Sunday School was very well attended and everyone present enjoyed a very pleasant evening together.

Robert C. Abt spent several days the latter part of last week in Chicago.

Mrs. Richardson of Chicago spent several days the past week at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Lee Middelhoff.

Miss Mable VanDusen, who is attending school in Gary, Ind., is spending the holidays at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. VanDusen.

Arthur Verrier who is attending school in Chicago spent over Sunday at his home here.

Mrs. Simon Simonsen was quite sick the past week.

Miss Beulah Drom returned home on last Friday evening from her school duties at the University of Illinois and will enjoy the holidays at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. Drom.

Willard Chinn returned home the latter part of last week from Champaign where he has been attending school.

Several members of the Odd Fellows lodge attended a meeting of that order in Kenosha last Friday night.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Davis and two children of Milwaukee motored down on Saturday and spent over Sunday at the home of their mother, Mrs. Margaret Davis.

Miss Jessie Runyard, who has been attending school at the University of Illinois came home Friday evening for the holiday vacation.

Walter Forbrich was in Chicago on business on Monday.

Fred Benningsen will leave for Roseland, Fla., on Sunday, to spend three months.

Miss Belle Hughes of Waukegan is spending the holidays at the home of her father, L. M. Hughes.

CARD OF THANKS
We wish to thank all those who helped to make the P. T. A. bazaar on Saturday, Dec. 6, a big success.
THE GAVIN P. T. A.
Ingleside.

NEW CRYSTAL

Thurs. Dec. 25 (Christmas Night) and Fri. Dec. 26
LILLIAN GISH in

The White Sister

The picture you'll never forget. Adm. 25-50

Saturday, December 27
"RUBERT OF HENAU"

Sunday, December 28
BUCK JOHNSON in

'Cupid's Fireman'

A thundering thrilling drama of the nation's fire-fighters. The life of a city fireman. A romance of daredevil men in the heat of action.

Wednesday, December 31
UNIVERSAL PRESENTS
"THE LAW FORBIDS"

Thursday, January 1
New Year's Night

Jackie Coogan



Friday, January 2
Miller and Dustin Farnum in
"MY MAN"

25 cent Club
50 cent Club
1.00 Club
2.00 Club

our man
Season's
My Christ

ood night

ave you joined

League? If not, hand

Waukegan and Ch



News Notes Taken From Other Papers

News from Entire County
in Condensed
Form

About sixty-five dairymen and members of the McHenry unit of the Milk Producers' association attended a meeting called by their body and held at the M. W. A. hall last Friday afternoon. John P. Sullivan of Marengo explained the unfortunate affair which occurred at Garlon Prairie on December 9, when Richard Saunders was shot and died during a milk strike riot. Mr. Sullivan asked his listeners to reserve judgment until such times as both sides of the controversy were definitely ascertained.

At a meeting of the board of local improvements of McHenry held at the city hall a week ago last Thursday evening, Dec. 11, a resolution was adopted calling for a paving program for the city of McHenry. Three types of pavement and the estimated cost for each had previously been prepared by the Wells Engineering company of Aurora. Descriptions of these various types and estimated costs were presented to the board by Mr. Wells on that evening and are there embodied in the official notifications as mailed out to the property owners about the city.

No road in this section of the state needs paying worse than the thirteen-mile stretch between McHenry and the Wisconsin state line to connect with No. 12, is the opinion of District Superintendent of Highways, Mr. Lamb of Elgin, who met there with the village board last Friday morning. Mr. Lamb, as assistant to State Superintendent Sheets, probably knows conditions in this district better than any one else, and his statement that the Richmond-McHenry road needs paving to complete one of the state's most important highways carries considerable weight.

The paving of the road from McHenry to the state line will complete an Illinois highway which is second only to the Sheridan road in the volume of traffic north out of Chicago. "Of course nothing will be done on the roads authorized by the recent \$100,000,000 bond issue until the state completes the road building remaining on the \$50,000,000 bond issue," said Mr. Lamb. There remains approximately 130 miles to be built before the new work is started.

"Year after next, 1926, will see the building of many of the roads authorized by the late bond issue," continued Mr. Lamb, "and it's up to you people who want this road to see that you are on the program as early as possible. Personally, I see the great need of the completing of this section of road and I hope you will take the proper steps to get the work started at an early date."

In all probability the village streets will be paved when the construction of the road begins. The village board and other interested citizens are working hard to see the improvement go through and they deserve the support and hearty co-operation of all public spirited people.

The county board last Friday adopted a resolution designating the road from Wedges Corners, through Millburn, to Hickory Corners, as a State road, so that as soon as the funds from the \$100,000,000 bond issue are available it can be paved.

The Road and bridge committee and other county officials will now take the matter up with the state highway officials and work toward the paving of this road.

Agitation also has been started to have a paved road across the entire northern part of the county. This would include the paving of Rosecrans road. The Antioch Business Men's Association are backing this project. Many persons residing in the extreme northern part of the county believe they are not getting their percentage of paved roads, as compared to other parts of the county.

Kenosha's population is now 50,490 according to a population survey of the city just made for the Kenosha Evening News along the scientific lines adopted for making such estimates. This is an increase of 10,118 were asked by those attending 25 per cent for the five year period covering poultry diseases and which closes December 31, since the The Blatchford Company and federal census was taken.

S. M. Walance
wishes you a
Merry Christmas

Farm Census Is Being Taken in Lake County

The bureau of the census, U. S. department of commerce, is taking a federal census of agriculture covering the year 1924. This survey will include all information regarding farm crops, their crops, property, etc., and the actual field work began on December 1, 1924, in certain localities.

Edward W. Koek of Rockford, supervisor of the first district of Illinois, is naming enumerators all over the district to obtain the necessary information.

Up to the present time the following enumerators have been named for Lake County and now are engaged in visiting the various farmers in their own townships.

Antioch, Lake Villa and Newport townships—Alexander G. Hughes of Antioch.
Benton, Warren and Waukegan townships—Leroy J. Slocum of Wadsworth.

Cula and Ela townships—Peter Jensen of Lake Zurich.
Deerfield, Shields, Vernon and West Deerfield townships—Charles J. Herschberger of Prairie View.

No enumerator has as yet been named for the district taking in Avon, Grant and Waukegan townships. The same is true of the district including Fremont and Libertyville townships.

In some places Mr. Koek has experienced considerable difficulty in getting enumerators due chiefly to the low rate of compensation allowed, but as the appropriation provided by congress is limited 25 cents for each report is all that can be offered.

In some counties all of the districts are filled and the enumerators are at work, but in others there still are one or more vacancies.

Through the cooperation of the postoffice department sample cards of the schedules have been distributed to the farmers and they have been requested to prepare their reports and have them ready when the enumerator calls. In most cases, according to Mr. Koek, this has not been done, many of the farmers destroying the

schedule without reading, while others read them, but gave little thought to the matter.

Mr. Koek today made an appeal to the farmers to fill out these reports if they still have the schedules. He says that if the schedule has been destroyed they should give some thought to the matter of farm values, mortgages and other indebtedness, taxes paid, acreage, crops, milk produced, butter made, poultry products, etc., so as to be able to give prompt and correct information when the enumerator calls. He urges that this information should be given cheerfully and the enumerators should be aided in every way possible in order to lighten their tedious task.

This matter, according to Mr. Koek, is of the utmost importance to the farmers and it will be to their interest to give full and correct reports. All information given, he says, will be treated as absolutely confidential and heavy penalties are provided by law for disclosing same.

IMPORTANT DAIRY MEETING

Prof. C. S. Rhode of the University of Illinois Dairy department, will be here to meet the dairymen of Lake county, next Tuesday, Dec. 30th, at 1:30 p. m. Mr. Rhode is well known to many dairymen of Lake county and has not been here for some time. The farm bureau hopes to have a large attendance that day at Libertyville, and same evening at Waukegan. There are many important problems before the dairymen and breeders of northern Illinois. It will pay us to get together on them. Mr. Rhode has something to say that you will want to hear. If the roads are such send the Ford in the ditch, or if the snowbanks are fence high come on skt—at any rate come.

WANTS ADS BRING RESULTS

J. W. WORTH
PUBLIC ACCOUNTANT
Channel Lake Antioch, Ill.
Affiliated with American-Canadian Ass'n of Business Engineers. "Short Cut" bookkeeping methods for every business. Income tax assistance rendered.

Announcement!

OTTO S. KLASS

wishes to announce that his annual

Sacrifice Sale

will start

Saturday, January 3rd

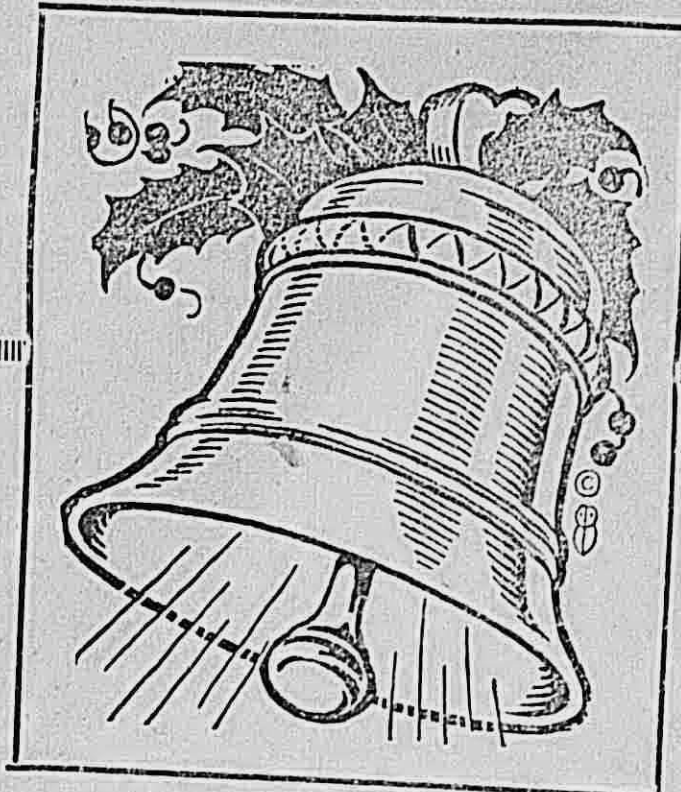
and is going to give some real

bargains

He also wishes everyone a Merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

OTTO S. KLASS

Everything for Men and Boys



A MERRY CHRISTMAS and a HAPPY NEW YEAR to you

May you and yours enjoy this festive Day to the fullest measure

ROBT. C. ABT, Real Estate
H. R. ADAMS & COMPANY
ANTIOCH LUMBER & COAL CO.
ANTIOCH MILLING COMPANY
ANTIOCH PACKING COMPANY
ANTIOCH SALES & SERVICE STATION
ANTIOCH STATE BANK
ANTIOCH THEATRE
CHICAGO FOOTWEAR COMPANY
P. E. CHINN, CRYSTAL THEATRE
T. A. FAWCETT, Tailor
O. E. HACHMEISTER
HILLEBRAND & SHULTIS

HUNT'S RECREATION PARLOR
KEULMAN'S JEWELRY STORE
KING'S DRUG STORE
MAIN GARAGE
POLLOCK'S GREENHOUSE
C. A. POWLES & SON
RADTKE BROS. Barbers
RIECHMANN'S BAKERY
MAUD E. SABIN
SABIN & SON
SOMERVILLE'S BAKERY AND RESTAURANT
STANLEY THOMAS, Electrician
WILLIAMS BROS. DEPARTMENT STORE
WISCONSIN BROS. STORE

"To think of old friends; to wish them good cheer, radiate good will without
pretense—that is the true spirit of Christmas"

Antioch Business Men

Illinois and Wisconsin
License
HONEY 118-7
FARMERS



Hints for the Household

Winter Window Boxes

Window boxes are gradually slighted at winter time. Of course, nothing can replace the beauty of summer flowers and vines, but on the other hand there is nothing much prettier than green and white. And this is what I would suggest for winter window boxes.

Green in the box against a white background of snow. Little Evergreen trees are adorable, and any greens which are obtainable are pretty.

In Ivy stays green even in the coldest weather. The violet is a nice addition, as they remain green all during the winter.

COOKING HINTS

Apple Rings

Apples.
10 or 15 cents worth of cinnamon drops.

1 cup sugar.
1 cup of water.

Method: Core and peel apples, cut in 1/4-inch slices. Make a syrup in the frying pan of cinnamon drops, sugar and water. Cook the apple rings in this syrup; taste them often, cook until rings are red and tender, but not too soft.

These make a tasty and pretty platter trim; they may be served either cold or hot.

Chocolate Opera Fudge

Stay Creamy a Long While

3 cups granulated sugar.

4 heaping tablespoons cocoa.

1 cup water.

Little salt.

1 heaping tablespoon butter.

1 heaping tablespoon vanilla.

Method: Cook sugar, cocoa, salt and water together until it forms a soft ball in cold water. Do not stir; set away to cool. When cool, take knife and cut into small squares.

Take in hands. Then knead until creamy. Put on buttered platter and pat into 1/2-inch thickness. Cut in small cubes.

Brown Sugar Fudge

3 cups brown sugar

1 cup milk.

Butter, size of an egg.

Little salt.

Method: Sook all together until it forms a soft ball in cold water. Beat until thick and creamy; if nuts or cocoanut are added, put them in just before turning out on platter. Pour on buttered platter and cut in squares.

To Keep Fudge From Boiling Over

Grease top of kettle in which fudge is cooked and it will not boil over.

BAKING HINTS

Winter Cake

1 1/4 cups of sugar.

1 cup shortening.

1 tablespoon baking powder.

1 teaspoon cinnamon.

1/2 teaspoon allspice.

1/2 teaspoon cloves.

1 teaspoon mace.

1/2 cup coffee.

2 cups flour (sifted).

4 eggs—unbeaten.

AUTOMOBILE PAINTING

and Interior Decorating

Prices Reasonable

Work Guaranteed

Antioch Auto

Paint Shop

111 S. 1st Street, Antioch, Ill.

Good night.

Do you join

League? If not, hand in

Waukegan and Ch

REWARD - \$10

Fox Hound, tan and white.

around neck; a little lame

near Channel

Antioch Press.

2 cups raisins.
1/2 cup dried apricots.
1/2 cup candied cherries.
1 cup candied pineapple.
1/2 cup candied citron.
1 cup currants.
1/2 cup candied orange peel.
1/2 cup candied lemon peel.

Method: Cream the butter and sugar together; add eggs, then fruit and coffee; add flour and other dry ingredients. Beat well. Line a loaf pan with brown paper and bake 3 hours. By steaming 4 hours it is good used as a pudding.

Cranberry and Coconut Pie

2 cups cranberries.
1 cup of sugar.
1 cup of water.
1 tablespoon cornstarch.
1/2 cup grated cocoanut.

Method: Cook cranberries, sugar and 1/2 cup water together for five minutes. Dissolve cornstarch in remaining water, 1/4 cup; add to cranberries and cook all together until it is clear. Add grated cocoanut, stir well and take from fire. Line a pie

pan with pastry. Pour in mixture. Bake in slow oven about 1 1/2 hours. Then top with meringue made of 2 egg whites and 2 tablespoons sugar and bake in a slow oven for another half hour.

Brush Clothes and Furs Well

When Taking Out of Storage

Clothes that are to be placed in cold storage should first be thoroughly brushed, sunned, and beaten to dislodge any possible moth egg or larvae that may have found a resting place in them, and clothes that are taken out of storage in the fall should receive similar care in case any larvae have survived their enforced hibernation under refrigeration. The Bureau of Entomology has carried on investigations in the value of cold storage as a control for various stored product pests, to obtain data regarding the time and temperature combinations necessary for the destruction of insects. Data have been secured on the effect of various temperatures upon common pests of grain, cereal foods, flour, beans, peas, tobacco, and fabric pests such as clothes moths and carpe beetles. Important variations have been found in the resistance of these pests to cold.

In the case of the common clothes moth, a temperature range of from 40 degrees to 45 degrees F. maintained for a storage period of over six weeks is generally sufficient to kill eggs which may be on the fabrics or furs when stored. At 20 degrees to 25 degrees F. and at 25 degrees to 30 degrees F. clothes moths eggs are all killed in about three weeks. Increase in temperature up to 40 degrees F. increases the time for killing the eggs. The older, well-grown larvae, however, are very resistant. When subjected to an even temperature of 20 degrees to 25 degrees F. these well-grown larvae were killed in 67 days, but those held at temperatures ranging from 30 degrees to 40 degrees F. were still alive after over four months. When the temperature fluctuated from 24 degrees to 43 degrees F. but was mostly about 40 degrees F. well-grown larvae withstood refrigeration for from 6 to 14 months.

Afterwards when placed in a sufficiently high temperature for feeding, these larvae became normal and resumed activity just as if their life had not been interrupted by a long period in cold storage.

It is not surprising, therefore, that living robust insects are occasionally found in articles several days after removal from a long period in cold storage. This discovery is in no way a reflection on the storage firm which has done its part. If the patrons take the precautions suggested above, of where they were released by sportsmen's organizations and deputy game wardens. While this method of distribution was fairly successful, there was some loss due to the repeated handling of the birds and Mr. Stratton has very wisely decided to have all shipments in the future made directly from quarantine to the point of local distribution.

Pennsylvania is one of the states which has made a notable success in the importation and distribution of game birds. After years of experimentation, the Game Commissioner of that state has decided that quail, of various varieties, are the best game birds for restocking the covers and shooting grounds. The purchase by the state of Pennsylvania last year of about twenty thousand quail proved so successful that an even larger number will probably be distributed this year.

With a large portion of the appropriation made by the 53rd General Assembly for the purchase of game birds still unexpended, there is no reason why the state of Illinois should not buy and distribute as many quail as can be used.

Sportsmen's organizations, individual sportsmen and farmers should write to the Secretary of the Federated Sportsmen or the Chief Game and Fish Warden at Springfield at once, if they want any of these birds, as distribution will be made only to those making the request. The supply may be limited, so it behooves every one interested to take immediate action to avoid disappointment.

Farm Meeting to Stress Business in Farming

In line with the tendency to give more and more attention to the business side of farming, this subject has been given a prominent place on the program which is being prepared for the annual Farmers' Week at the College of Agriculture, University of Illinois, January 12 to 16. Discussions bearing on this subject have been scheduled for the whole of the first afternoon of the meeting and among the speakers will be H. C. M. Case, head of the farm organization and management department of the College; M. L. Mosher, a member of that department; C. L. Stewart, in charge of farm economics work at the university, and L. J. Norton, a member of that department; C. L. Stewart, in charge of farm economics work at the university, and L. J. Norton, a member of the university economics department.

The four talks to be given by these speakers will deal in particular with the costs and prices of farm products. Mosher will speak on "Finding the Leaks in the Farm Profits;" Case will tell "What Farm Cost Studies Show;" Norton will discuss "Changes in Prices of Farm Products," and Stewart will speak on "Factors Affecting Prices of Farm Products."

Practical information that has been worked out during the last 12 years by the farm organization and management department of the college in its farm accounting work and in cost of production studies which it has made over the state will form the basis for the first two of the four talks. Among other things, the farm accounting work in 11 counties last year showed that the best third of the farmers were making around \$2,000 more apiece than was being pocketed by the farmers on the least profitable third of the farms. The factors that are responsible for this difference will be explained and discussed during the meeting. The cost of production studies show quite differently what factors are responsible for the leaks in farm earnings, and these factors also, will be discussed.

The price that the farmer gets for his products will be analyzed from the standpoint of price trends and the relationship of prices of farm products to each other.

The program for the night session on January 12 has not yet been worked out, but it is planned to have either H. M. Gore, secretary of agriculture, or Eugene Davenport, dean emeritus of the agricultural college, deliver the principal address.

Among the added features of this year Farmers' Week will be the annual meeting of the Illinois Agricultural Association, an extension school for farm advisers and other extension workers of the agricultural college, a meeting of the members of executive committees of the county farm bureaus in the state and the Illinois Seed Grain Show, including the annual Utility Corn Show. Reduced railroad rates for the meeting have been granted by the Western Passenger Association and on practically all steam roads of the state it will be possible to make the round trip for a fare and a half.

BRIDGING OF MAJOR STREAMS POSSIBLE BY FEDERAL AID

One of the most helpful results of Federal aid to road construction has been the bridging of major streams which it has encouraged and made possible, according to the annual report of the Bureau of Public Roads of the United States Department of Agriculture. Such streams are, in many cases, the boundaries of counties or states, and the necessity of securing joint action of the authorities of the two political divisions, coupled with the inadequacy of funds available, has made the construction of modern structures over wide rivers an almost hopeless problem. Yet it is evident that no continuous road system is possible without bridging these barriers.

Federal aid and the coordinating influence of the Federal Government have been the means of securing practical action in a great many cases of this sort. The careful study of the principal lines of travel leading to the designation of the Federal-aid highway system has developed clearly the need of bridges of this character over certain streams and has gradually more efficient in the construction of these bridges. As a result, the Federal Government has been able to build, this benefit has been experienced by the majority of the states, and have an enviable record, especially those of the south of the Mississippi Valley.

CAUGHT

Conductor—"Is that child five years old?"
Lady—"Oh, no, he's only just four."
Conductor—"Then you must be the publishers' said my little fare. Only fifteen under three years old—but I'm doing very well ride gratis."

The Romance of a Hyphen

That is what Rev. W. Adams called it. He sees Andrew look on in wonder when the other disciples all the twelve disciples. And that is what he was, in all of the four gospels only a hyphen. He is listed in the first three gospels simply as the brother of Peter. That is all. Peter is the real fellow. Andrew is lucky to be his brother. If it had not been for John, we would not know that Andrew was quite a character, in his own right.

John begins the narrative of Andrew by telling us in the first chapter, that Andrew was one of the two men, followers of John the Baptist, who heard John refer to Jesus as he passed by where John was teaching, and followed Jesus. This lets us know that Andrew was an earnest seeker after light. He was one of the deeply religious Jews who were looking for the Messiah. When John began preaching about the Messiah, Andrew was one of those who went to him to find out if he were the messiah, and learning that he was only an announcer of the Messiah, he stays with John to learn more of Him who was to follow. He is awaiting the disclosing to Israel of the only source of information about that King. That is hopeful. When John points out Jesus, Andrew and John leave him and attach themselves to Jesus, and spend the rest of the day with him. We would have a new gospel if only Jesus and these two men, but that together with most of all that Jesus taught and did, will remain a closed book to us, much as we must regret the fact.

The outcome of that day spent with Jesus was a friendship which was to prove binding. Andrew was captivated by this new personality. This must be the Messiah. That belief brought immediate action. Andrew went home and found his brother, Simon, and brought him to Jesus. I wish I could have seen him do it, for I have an idea that it was not an easy thing to do. Peter was not the kind of a man to follow any one. He had to be the leader and others could follow. Perhaps Andrew was a larger man than Simon and dragged him to Jesus by main force, anyway he got Simon to Jesus and Simon was profoundly moved by this great Person. Yes, He must be the Messiah. So, we learn that Andrew was the first member of the Win-one- Legion. Jesus names Simon The Rock for that is what the name Peter means. It was a long time before Simon acted like a rock. It took him a long time to arrive at that durability and ability which Jesus prophesied would be his nature. In fact, there were times before the great Peter proved himself that his nature might have been putty rather than rock. But he did arrive, through trial and failure, so that after the death of Jesus it was he who held the twelve together and who preached of the things of eternity so mightily that four thousand people were converted to God on one day. The book of acts tells nothing of Andrew, but do you not suppose that in Heaven Andrew will get a royalty of glory for every one of Peter's converts?

You will find only one reference to Andrew between this first week of Jesus' public appearance and the last week of his life, and that one reference is found in the John 6:5. It was at the feeding of the five thousand. The gospel writers do not mention the incident. It was not important to them what Andrew did. They were all filled with the greatness of Peter and they tell many great things that happened to him, but Andrew is only the hyphen, attached to Peter, by the accident of birth. "And Andrew," that was what he was, just something attached to the great Peter. But John sees deeper than

E. LESTER STANTON
(Sermon preached Dec. 14, at the M. E. church.)

Pat met Mike coming out of the local police court. "O! had a most illigant toime on Saturday, Pat. Sure, 'twas the toime av me loife."

"Indeed, and how was that?"

"Why, O! was at the Blue Pig cafe, and devil a thing do I remember after about 7:30."

"But if ye can't remember anything, Mike, how do ye know ye had such an illigant toime?"

"How do O! know?" repeated Mike. "Well, O!ve just overheard a dirty policeman telling the judge all about it."

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Doctors operate on boys' head to make better boy of him.

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Judith of BLUE LAKE RANCH

By JACKSON GREY

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CHAPTER XIII

A Signal-Fire?

Bayne Trevors' way had ever been to play safe, the way of a coward or a wise man. Even now, no doubt he was giving an account of himself in legitimate endeavor at the lumber camp, putting in his appearance at his regular hour, safe miles lying between him and that which might occur upon the Blue Lake ranch, establishing alibis, conducting himself like the man he wished the world to think him. But in the mind of Bud Lee there was no question, no doubt. Bayne Trevors, or one of Bayne Trevors' gang, was even at this instant holding Judith somewhere until the colossal deal could be put over. Trevors, or one of his gang—and Lee's face went whiter, his hands shut tighter into hard fists, as there came to his mind the picture of Quinlan's twisted face and evil, red-rimmed eyes.

"Well?" snapped Carson. "What now?"

"There's going to be no sale in the morning," said Lee and at the new strange tone in Lee's voice Carson jerked up his head, thrusting it forward, peering at the other through the moonlit night.

"Say it again," muttered Carson. "Who said so? Miss Judith?"

"She isn't here," replied Lee briefly. "Can't be here since Saturday night."

"Now, with more cause than ever, did Carson stare at him.

"Then what did Pollock Hampton say for?" By cripes, if this is one of that young hopo-o-my-thump's jokes, I'm rising up to the house and murder him. That's all. Am I right now?"

Lee laid a hand on Carson's arm.

"On, old-timer," he said shortly. "I'll have a talk with him after a while. Now I want to talk with

Conrad. At with the coldest of brief outlines, Bud Lee told Carson of Judith's absence and of his own suspicions. Carson, who had listened to him gravely, at the end shook his head.

"That's a pretty bald play, Bud," he said slowly. "I don't believe Trevors would get that course in his work. It doesn't look like him a little bit."

"Does this sale look the least little bit like Judith?" demanded Lee sharply. "Is it her style to go over our heads this way, Carson? If she's got to sell heavily, why pick out this particular set of buyers? Why is the deal rushed through while she's away? I tell you there's a nigger in the woodpile and it's up to you and me to smoke him out. Come up to the house with me."

Marcia did not see them as they drew near in the moonlight. For with a plan shaping in his brain, Lee judged best that they should not be seen. He and Carson passed in a wide arc about the left end of the courtyard, around the end of the house and so to a door opening from the office to the back of the house. This door he found unlocked and pushed quietly open.

Hampton lifted swift eyes, sensing something stern and ominous in this silent approach.

"We want to talk things over with you," began Lee.

"If you've come to bulldoze me out of that deal in the morning," retorted Hampton, "you might as well keep still. I'm going to sell."

"I don't know that you'd exactly call it bulldozing," smiled Lee, determined to be pleasant with the young fellow as long as possible. "But you've got sense enough to listen to reason, Hampton."

"Have I?" jeered Pollock. "Thanks."

"If Miss Sanford wants the deal to go through," continued Lee, "why, then, of course, through it goes. If she doesn't, there's going to be no sale."

"I tell you she wired me to sell; I showed you the telegram."

"But you didn't prove to me that she sent it. You didn't know yourself whether it had been sent by her or Don, Rockwell & Haight, or by Bayne Trevors or the devil himself." He took up the telephone and said into it, "Western Union, Rocky Bend. . . . That you, Benton? This is Lee of the Blue Lake. We went to get in communication with Miss Judith Sanford, somewhere in San Francisco. Send this message to every hotel there, will you? And rush it. 'Must have word with you immediately. Important. Telephone. Got it?' Oh, sign it, Carson—and Tripp. Rush it. I tell you, Benton. And if you get in touch with Miss Sanford in any way, tip us off here, will you? Thanks."

"She might be visiting with friends," muttered Hampton, little pleased at the thought that Lee and Carson were seeking to rob him of his newly ac-

quired importance. "Hampton?" asked Lee.

"Where's Mr. . . ."

"Gone to bed," answered Hampton.

"And Miss Sanford?"

"I don't know," said Hampton, Carson and I went with us, will you?"

"I'm not if I will!" cried the boy hotly. "I don't know what you are up to. I'm boss here and I'm giving orders, not taking them. If there's any reason in all this, I've got the right to know what it is."

"Yes," answered Lee thoughtfully. "You've got the right. I just don't like the looks of affairs, Hampton. I don't believe all that I hear. I don't believe Miss Sanford sent that wire. I don't believe she is in San Francisco. I do believe that your friend Trevors has got hold of her somehow, and that he is playing you for a sucker. That's our reason in this. Now will you come with us to her room?"

"Trevors?" said Hampton. Then he laughed. "You are like the rest, Bud. Trevors is a gentleman, and you try to make him a crook. Such a scheme as you imagine is absurd and ridiculous. And I won't go prying with you into Judith's room."

"Come on, Carson," said Lee. "If Hampton wants to stay here, let him."

But the young fellow was on his feet, his face flushed, his eyes excited.

"You'll get out of this house and do it quick!" he cried sharply. "If you think for one little minute that I'll stand for your high-handed actions, you're mistaken."

At a look from Lee, Carson stepped quickly forward, so that Hampton stood between them.

"You come with us," and now Lee no longer sought to be pleasant. "And keep still or we'll stop your mouth with a yard of cloth. This way, Carson."

With right and left arms gripped, with lagging feet and furious eyes, Hampton went between them to the door. For an instant only did he struggle; then, with a snort of disgust, seeing the futility of making a fool of himself, he went quietly.

Just what he expected as a result of a visit to the girl's room, Lee did not know. He hoped for some sign to tell him something, anything.

Quietly the three went through the house until they came to Judith's dainty blue-and-white bedroom. Here all had been set in order by Mrs. Simpson. On entering the room a sort of awkward shyness fell over both Lee and Carson. Hampton, freed now and standing alone, though under Carson's hard eye, stared at them angrily.

"When you get through with this foolishness," he told them stiffly, "you can either apologize or call for my time."

Neither answered, Carson little by little had come to share Lee's uncertainty and anxiety; and now, like Lee, sought eagerly to find a sign—something to tell that Judith had been lured away by Trevors or Quinlan; or that she had been overpowered here and taken out, perhaps through a window.

But Judith had gone Saturday night, and Mrs. Simpson had done her work thoroughly. It might be well to call the housekeeper and question her. Had she found a chair overturned, a rug rumpled, a table shoved a little from its accustomed place? But, again, it would be as well not to start suspicion and surmise in other minds if, after all, there were no true cause for it. Judith might be in San Francisco; she might have sent the order to sell.

"Chances is we're smelling powder where there wasn't no shot," said Carson hesitatingly.

"Bright boy!" mocked Hampton. "You'll make a great little gumshoe artist one of these days."

Had Bud Lee not loved Judith as he did, with his whole heart and soul, it well might have been that he and Carson and Hampton would have gone out of the room knowing no more than when they had come in. But it seemed to Lee that the room which knew Judith so intimately, was seeking to open its dumb lips to whisper to him of danger to her. He had come here troubled for her; he stood, looking about him frowningly, his heart heavy, fear mounting within him. And at length he found a sign.

At the far end of the room, in a corner, was Judith's writing-table, on which were several opened letters, pen and ink, a pad of paper. Lee stepped to it. If she had been lured away after nightfall, then some message had come to her. If that message had come by word of mouth, there was no need seeking it; if it had been a note, fate might have kept it here. Impaled on a sharp pin was a sheet of notepaper. The notes was brief, typewritten, even to the signature—that of Doc Tripp. It ran:

"Dear Judith:

of a new trouble. Have one of T's gang work spot. Also have got a bullet right hand. Nothing serious. Come down right away. I any one see you as I want a surprise on them. Am using the telephone, as I've don they are watching me. Hurry. "Tripp."

"Come back to the office," said Lee bluntly. And well in front of Carson and Hampton, who stared wonderingly at the paper in his hand, he went to the office telephone and called for Tripp.

"How's your hand?" he asked when Tripp answered.

"All right," replied Tripp. "Why?"

"Get it hurt?"

"No."

"Did you write Miss Sanford a hurry-up note within the last few days?"

"No."

"Sure of that, Doc? Typewritten note?"

"Of course I'm sure," snapped Tripp. "What's wrong?"

"God knows," answered Lee shortly. "But you'd better come up here and come on the jump. Also, keep your mouth shut until you get a chance to talk with me or Carson."

He clicked up the receiver and turned terrible eyes on the two men watching him.

"They've got her," he said slowly. "They've got her, Carson. They've had her since Saturday night!"

Carson read the note. Only then did it pass into Hampton's hands. The boy, angered at the way in which he had been ignored, insulted in his sense of dignity by those words of Lee's to Tripp, "Talk with me or Carson," seeing the reins of power being snatched from his hands, was speechless with wrath.

"You fellows have butted in all I'll stand for!" he cried at them, his fists shaking. "I tell you I'm running this outfit, and what I say goes. I don't believe that Trevors or any man living would do a trick like that. I tell you it's ridiculous. And, no matter where Judith is, when she is not here I run the ranch. I need money; she needs money; we've got a fair chance to sell; I've passed my word we are going to sell; and by G—d, we are going to sell."

In another mood, Hampton would not have spoken this way. In another mood and with time for argument, Bud Lee would have expostulated with him. Now, however, Lee said tersely: "Carson, it's up to you and me. Get the boys out, to the last man of them. Turn every hoof of cattle and horses back into the Upper End. We've got to do it tonight. Get them into the little valley above the plateau. We can hold them there, even if they try to force our hands, which will be like them. I take this to be Trevors' last big play. And, by thunder, he has mighty near gotten away with it!"

"Don't you dare do it!" blazed out young Hampton. "Carson, you take orders from me. Get out of this house and leave the stock where they are. In the morning—"

"Go ahead, Carson," cut in Lee's hard voice. "I'll take care of Hampton here."

"You will, will you?" cried Hampton.

With one bound he was at the table, jerking open a drawer. As his hand sought the weapon lying there, Bud Lee was on him, throwing him back. Carson looked at them a moment, then went to the door.

"You're right Bud," he said calmly as he went out.

Lee, forcing himself to show a calmness like Carson's, said gently to Hampton: "Can't you see the play? It's up to you to kick in and stop it. There's a telephone; call up the buyers in Rocky Bend. They're there now, or at least their drivers are, if they're coming out here in the morning. Tell them the deal is off—"

"Can't I see?" said Hampton, writhing out of Lee's hands, on his way

to the door. "You bet you and Carson think you can run me—"

Then, for good he done to over trying to remonstrate back, there was too wall. As he forcing him against, tried to call him, he said "You're coming sharply."

Though he struggled, Hampton was little more than a baby in the horse foreman's muscular grip. Tripped with a heel behind his calf, he fell heavily, Lee upon him. Both arms were pinioned behind him, and Lee's neckerchief thrust into his mouth. He writhed in impotent rage. His outcries died in his throat, the loudness of them not reaching Marcia's ears above the creaking of her rocking-chair. Lee still held Hampton's tied hands gripped in his own. So the two men went out the back door, down toward the corral.

Seeing men hurrying from the bunk-house to the stables under Carson's snapping orders, Lee called out for Tommy Burkitt. And in a moment, with bulging eyes, Burkitt came running.

"Bring out three horses, Tommy," Lee commanded, giving no explanation. "Hurry, and keep your mouth shut."

Burkitt obeyed Lee as he always did, silently and unquestioningly. Very soon he returned, riding, leading two saddled horses.

"Get into the saddle, Hampton," said Lee sternly. "There's no time for nonsense. Get up or I'll put you up."

"Curse you," Hampton said in smothered anger, his tone making clear the meaning of the indistinct mutter. But he climbed into the saddle.

"Come on, Tommy," Lee, too, was up, his hand on Hampton's reins. "We're going up to the old cabin. You're going to ride herd on Hampton while I do something else. I'll tell you everything when we get there."

So they rode into the night, headed toward the narrow passes of the Upper End, Hampton and Lee side by side, Tommy Burkitt staring after them as he followed. No longer were Bud Lee's thoughts with his captive, nor with the herds Carson's men were driving back to the higher pastures. They were entirely for Judith, and they were filled with fear. She had been gone for three full days; she was somewhere in the clutch of Trevors or of one of his cutthroats. He thought of her, of Quinlan's red-rimmed, evil eyes, and as he had not prayed in all the years of his life Bud Lee prayed that night.

He left Hampton securely bound and under Tommy Burkitt's watchful eyes in the old cabin, and rode straight back to the ranch-house. Marcia was not yet in bed and he made his first call upon her. Marcia was delighted, then vaguely perturbed as he made known his errand without giving any reason. He wanted to see the note from Judith. Marcia brought it, wondering. He carried it with him to Judith's office and compared it carefully with scraps of her handwriting which he found there. The result of his study was what he had expected: the writing of the note to Marcia was sufficiently like Judith's to pass muster to an uncritical eye, looking, in fact, what it purported to be, a very hasty scrawl. But Lee decided that Judith had not written it. He slipped it into his pocket.

Tripp was waiting for him, impatient and worried, when he came back from the Upper End. From Tripp he learned that one of the men, a fellow the boys called Yellow-Jacket, had unexpectedly asked for his time Saturday afternoon and had left the ranch, saying that he was sick.

"He's the chap who brought the fake note from you," said Lee. "It's open and shut, Doc. Another one of Trevors' men that we ought to have fired long ago. The one thing I can't get, is why he didn't do a finished job of it and hang around until Miss Sanford left, then get away with the note. It would have left no evidence behind him."

"She must have locked her door," and windows when she went only was Tripp's solution. "And I'm sure he didn't hang around waiting and taking chances."

At its Tripp's boyish face bantering youthful look. His eyes expressed Lee's steadily, had in the story like Lee's.

"If it's Quinlan—," pp began.

Then he stopped abruptly in the Lee and Tripp withdrew. Then office not above the Lower End. Tripp left to return out, to help to get the rest of cattle and horses in the big driveway to the shut-in valleys of the bunk-house, slipped Lee went ridges into his pocket-revolver and rode again to the old cabin, last play?" he

"It's gravely, over and over, told backing it up strong, play."

"He'd for all that there's in it, ing I have taken time and care and his hand so that we're buck-toyal flush. And there's only joy to beat a royal flush, and with a gun. But I can't quite the whole play, Trevors; I can't see it."

There were enough men to do the night's work without him and Tommy Burkitt, and Lee gave no thought now to Carson, swearing in the darkness of some shadow-filled gorge. He did not know what the morrow's work would be for him, but he made his preparations none the less, eager for the coming dawn. He fired many slices of bacon while Hampton glared at him and Tommy watched him interestedly; he made a light, compact lunch, such as best sticks to a man's ribs, wrapped it in heavy paper and slipped the package into the bosom of his shirt. He completed his equipment with a fresh bag of tobacco and many matches. He loaded his rifle, added a plentiful supply of ammunition to his outfit from the box on the shelf. Then he went outside to be alone, to frown at the black wall of the night, to think, to await the dawn.

"I'm coming to you, Judith girl!" he whispered over and over to himself. "Somehow."

Dawn trembled over the mountain-tops, grew pale rose and warm pink and glorious red in the eastern sky, and Bud Lee, throwing down his coiled rope which had been put into service a dozen times during the night, said shortly:

"Here we camp, boys. I'll leave you my fried bacon, Tommy, and take the raw with me. You're not even to light a fire. And you're to stick here until I come for you."

They had traveled deeper and deeper into the fastnesses of the mountains, mounting higher and higher until now, in a nest of crags and cliffs, on a flank of Devil's mountain, they could look far to the westward and catch brief glimpses of the river from Blue lake slipping out of the shadows. They had gone a way which Lee knew intimately, traveling a trail which brought them again and again under broken cliffs, where they must use hands and feet manfully, and now and then make service of a loop of rope cast up over an outjutting crag.

"They'll never follow us here, Tommy," he said confidently. "If they do, you've got the drop on them and you've got a rifle. You know what to do, Tommy, old man."

"I know, Bud," said Tommy, his eyes shining. For never before had Bud Lee called him that—"old man."

Long ago the gag had been removed from Hampton's mouth. Long ago, consequently, Hampton had said his say, had made his promises. When he got out of this—glory to be! wouldn't he square the deal, though? Did Lee know what kidnapping was? That there were such things as laws, such places as prisons?

"Here," said Lee not unkindly, "I'll loosen the rope about your wrists. That's all the chances we're going to take with you. Come, be a sport, my boy. You're the right sort inside; just as soon as this fracas is over, when you know that we were right and that all this is a put-up job on you, your friend Trevors playing you for a sucker and getting Miss Sanford out of the way, you'll say we were right and I know it."

"That so?" snapped Hampton. "You just start now and keep going, Bud Lee, if you don't want to do time in the jug."

Tommy Burkitt, staring back across the broken miles of mountain, canyon, and forest, his eyes frowning, was muttering:

"Look at that, Bud. What do you make of it?"

For a little Lee did not answer. He and Tommy and Hampton, standing among the rocks, turned their eyes together toward the hills rimming in the northern side of Blue Lake ranch.

"I make out," said Lee slowly, "that Trevors means business and that Carson has got his work cut out for him this morning, Tommy."

For the thing which had caught the boy's eyes was, blaze on the ridge, its flames leaping and licking at the thinning dark sky, its smoke a black smudge on the horizon, staining the glow of the dawn. And farther along the same ridge was a second blaze, smaller yet, distance, but growing as it licked the dry brush. Still farther a third.

"If it's fire ever gets a good start," muttered Lee heavily, "it's going to sweep the ranch. God knows where it's stop. And just how Carson is go to fight fire with one hand and his stock with the other, I don't know."

But even then he turned his eyes away from the ranch, sweeping the jagged jumble of mountains about him. Judith was gone. Judith needed him and he did not dare try to estimate the soreness of her need. What did it matter that Carson and Tripp and the rest had their problems to face back there? There was only one thing in all of the wide world that mattered. And he did not even know where she was, north, south, east, or west! Somewhere in these mountains, no doubt. But where, when a man might ride a hundred miles this way or that and have no sign if he passed within calling distance of her? In his heart Bud Lee prayed, as he had prayed last night, asking God that he might come to Judith. And

it seemed to him, standing close to God on the rocky heights, that his prayer had been heard and answered. For, far off to the east, still farther in the solitude of the mountains, rising from a rugged peak, a thin line of smoke rose into the palling sky.

It might be that Judith was there. It might be that she was scores of miles from the beckoning smoke. But Lee had asked a sign and there, like a slender finger pointing to the brightening sky, was a sign.

He stooped swiftly for rifle and rope and packet of bacon.

"Where you goin', Bud?" asked Tommy.

"To Judith," answered Bud Lee gently.

For in his heart was that faith which is born of love.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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